

Alphabet soup. A story of horror and healing.

A long time ago there was a time of turbulence.

Before time as we know it, before all we ever consider.

Craven tyrannies were common in those times.

Devil worship and horrible, terroristic tribes roamed the country.

Evil surrounded even the poor bunny who would never hurt a soul.

Frequently a good person, a noble person, even a holy person would appear in those times.

Gracious they were and filled with love for all existence, but they were given to submission and so were gobbled by goblins, devoured by devils or simply misused by the malevolence that surrounded them.

Hopelessness, of course, also reigned in those times.

Insolence, deceit and rage were the common ways of relationship in those days.

Justice was unknown and fairness was scorned as weak and useless.

Knowing all this, came a powerful ruler.

Learned he was in the ways of that wicked world.

Mean beyond mean and nasty to the core, he slowly vanquished all other despots.

No one could match his ferociousness, his viciousness and his total lack of compassion.

One there was, however, who managed to stay clear of his yoke by living far away and sustaining a very low profile.

Phenomena such as her were rare in those days and typically quickly slaughtered incidentally to some other minor but horrifying carnage.

Qualitatively she excelled in the exact reverse of his character blemishes.

Realizing her vulnerability, she learned to live modestly, quietly, graciously, sympathetically, and affectionately.

She became accustomed to receiving the bereaved, the oppressed and the wounded to her simple home.

They would quietly creep to her door late at night in the dark so as to attract no attention, and that worked.

Under her eaves they would devour the spiritual, comforting vibrations emanating from her home, her heart, and her psyche.

Very soon her amazing ability to sooth and heal became known in the underground murmuring that also included where to get food, where to gather

Alphabet soup. A story of horror and healing.

to pray, and where to find those many precious things that the regime could not provide for any price.

“Where is she?” demanded the brutal tyrant after he felt her ecstatic emanations even as far away as his petrified, miserable, unresponsive palace.

Xenophobic as he was, the power of her decency drove straight through the almost impenetrable wall around his essence as he found his way to her portal and kneeled, weeping with his head bent in supplication.

“Yesterday was I here and you weren’t” said the lady and the day before and the day before that

“Zero days before and zero days after mark the day we two now share and as the days before and after hold this day so we two hold each other steadfastly healing to the end of time.”